

The Alliance Herald

TUESDAY AND FRIDAY

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DAYLIGHT SAVING

Sooner or later, the congressmen and senators, the mayors and boards of trade and other officials are going to learn that it doesn't pay to monkey with the hands of the clock, either in spirit or otherwise. Ever since the discovery was made, during the war, that by the simple expedient of getting up an hour earlier, going to work sixty minutes ahead of time and quitting an hour earlier than usual, a whole hour might be added on to the end of the day, some of the people who don't work regular hours have been busy trying to cram that idea down the throats of those that do. And they haven't got by with it, not by a jugful.

The trouble was that even though the idea wasn't so bad, as ideas go, and was a godsend to home gardeners provided people used the hour in them, the mistake was made in trying to juggle the hands of the clock. And the result was the worst infernal mess since the days when every town had two or three telephone systems. In some towns, the railroads went by one time and the business houses another; and the poor traveler wouldn't know when he hit a place, whether he was to be bound by God's time or Wilson's time, as they used to call it.

Now, we have always thought that the people of the cities really like the daylight saving plan. We often said, while under the impression, that it might become popular if the effect were achieved by letting the clock alone. Just get up an hour earlier, we used to say, and the effect will be the same.

But alas, it has been tried just that way in Washington. Congress, having an eye to what the farmer constituents would say, decided to adopt daylight saving for Washington by the process of getting up early, and reports indicate that it doesn't go. Clerks like to stay out late at night, maybe, or they may hate to get up in the mornings, but the daylight saving plan is discarded.

Let's rest in peace. We've tried it with the rest of them, and while it has its advantages, the fact is that people just simply don't like the idea, under any name. Perhaps, if some fellow will think up a plan that will accomplish the result, and make everybody do it, millionaire, stenographer and farmer alike, it can be put over. Until then, it is the part of wisdom to conclude that the sooner this most unpopular idea is forgotten, the better.

UNCLE MOSE AGAIN

And so Uncle Mose has reconsidered again, and will make the race for congress. There were a few days there when the veteran congressman from the Big Sixth had even his best friends believing he meant it, but the demand from party managers, who fear the worst this year anyway, would have won submission from a rock. Mr. Kinkaid has never turned a deaf ear to the call of his party, and after twenty years in congress is not likely to begin now.

Uncle Mose is needed this year. The prospects for a republican victory are none too bright in Nebraska or in the nation. And Uncle Mose is a sure thing candidate. In all his campaigns, he has continued to roll up big majorities when other republican candidates went down to defeat or came through by the thickness of the cuticle on their molars. The administration needs what comfort it will get when the returns from the congressional election come in, and although a Nebraska victory as the election of one from one of the pivotal states would be, still it's a great comfort. Although broken in health, Mr. Kinkaid cannot refuse to make, if need be, the last sacrifice. In his case the sacrifice will be accepting again an office that has grown to be a burden.

What's more, think of the strife that he will save the party. The minute his first announcement of withdrawal came out, there was a sound of murmurs of candidates in the brushes, beating the tomtoms and rallying their supporters. Secretary of State Ambsberry was the first to file. He was the first to know of the withdrawal, and he got in under the wire several hours ahead of any other candidate. Darius seemed to think this an important point, for in his wires over

the district telling of his coup, he inserted the hour of his filing. But it didn't frighten out many other candidates. Two or three booms sprang up anyway, and some of them gave promise of becoming formidable.

Mr. Ambsberry, if the truth were known, is not congressional timber. He has been elected to various offices, usually without much opposition, and has been pulled through by the head of the ticket. His own health is none too good, and his ability is said by those who know him to be no better than his health. It is hinted that a host of little boomlets sprang up largely to scare Darius, and it may be that the prospects were so dark that he himself appealed to Uncle Mose to stay in another two years and let him get his breath.

Robert G. Simmons of Scottsbluff, a fine upstanding young fellow, was a prominent western Nebraska candidate. His entrance into the race would have made the first real test of ex-soldier solidarity. As past president of the state legion, he would naturally be expected to receive the ex-soldier support. So far, in other places over the state, the ex-soldiers haven't voted together worth mentioning, and Mr. Simmons would have furnished an indication of what might be expected. In a sense, it's regrettable that he won't get a chance to definitely put the ex-soldiers to a test.

Uncle Mose, however, has saved the republican party of the Big Sixth district one of the greatest wrangles in its history. The support was so divided among the various aspirants that the only thing on earth that would restore complete harmony was the return of Uncle Mose to the lists. Let's hope that his health will return to him with the victory. There'll be some sore spots, undoubtedly. Two or three the aspirants to fill Uncle Mose's shoes have rather stepped upon the toes of party leaders, and there may be life-long grudges result, but the party will be saved for the time being, at least, and in another two years, when Uncle Mose will really resign and mean it, maybe everything can be patched up. However, the next time Uncle Mose withdraws, the other aspirants in his district ought to make him swear to it before a notary and on a stack of Bibles a foot high.

LEGAL HORSEPLAY

After considerably more than a year of legal horseplay, the supreme court of Nevada has handed down a decision that puts the finishing touches to the attempt of Attorney General Fowler of that state to achieve the limelight by attacking the legality of the marriage of Mary Pickford to Douglas Fairbanks. Motion picture fans have long since forgotten about the affair—if, indeed, it ever worried them, and now the lawyers for the defendants will collect a fat fee and the Nevada attorney general will go back to his books.

Originally, it will be remembered, our Mary was granted a divorce from Owen Moore at Minden, Nevada, on March 20, 1920. Two weeks later she married Douglas Fairbanks. Both of them were screen idols, and both were very much in love and despite the general belief that marriage in the studios is a passing fad, seem to give every indication that they intend to remain in love. Attorney General Fowler promptly hopped onto the front page of all the newspapers by asking for the dissolution of the decree on the ground that Mary had not lived in the state a sufficient length of time. The district court granting the decree was asked to review its decision and reverse itself, but held that the action had been regular in every way and that the decree should stand. The attorney general then appealed to the state supreme court, charging that the divorce was obtained through fraud and collusion. Mr. Fowler did his best to carry his point, but was overruled.

And it's a good thing. In Nevada, of all states, there are hundreds of cases similar to the Pickford-Fairbanks affair, and had it not been for the prominence of the parties, the attorney general would have continued to decorate his office chair in silence. He saw an opportunity to become nationally known, and without thought of the effect of his action on the parties concerned, and with an eye only to the main chance, did his best to play hades generally. He succeeded only in making a monumental donkey of himself.

So, also, will be the result in California, which is making things hot for Rudolph Valentino, another movie star. Had Rudolph been a section hand, like so many of his compatriots, the legal talent that is now being freely given in an effort to cause him trouble couldn't have been induced to turn a wheel to convict him.

As a matter of fact, with the right or wrong of liberal divorce laws out of the question, there is no real reason why couples who have taken the step separating should be held from achieving happiness for six months. There is not a state in the country where the six months provision is not evaded, as well as others. It has always been

the practice, where other mistakes in carrying out marriage laws were made to consider the marriage legal from the standpoint of public morality. Simply because the principals happen to be characters in the public eye is no reason for discovering all of a sudden that the law is sacred and must be obeyed. If Nevada is wise, its citizens will retire its small bore attorney general, and this course should be followed whenever a public prosecutor puts forth efforts commensurate with the publicity he receives.

PEOPLE ARE FUNNY

People are funny folks, for a fact. Just common, ordinary citizens, most of whom go along in their individual ruts until something happens to jar them out of their self-complacency. The jars that come are good for them—the only trouble being that they don't get enough of them to keep them thoroughly awake.

Thus we read a lengthy dispatch from Elgin, Ill., telling of the suicide of a teacher. Mary E. Long was her name. She was a spinster who had served in the Elgin schools for twenty-seven long years. Then the school board—school boards do have a lot of power, don't they, when you come to think of it?—took a hand. The board dismissed this servant after twenty-seven years of faithful service, and fourteen others with her.

So far, the story isn't new. Schools outgrow certain teachers, sometime, and other occasions, school boards outgrow schools. It isn't plain just which was the case at Elgin. At any rate, Miss Long was fired. And being no longer so young as she once was, and being likewise discouraged and disheartened, the Elgin teacher simply decided that her life was a failure and that it was time to end it all. So she did it, and the manner of her going isn't mentioned.

But heavens, what a furore it created. News of the suicide spread like wildfire. A lot of her old pupils got together and the first thing they knew, others had joined them. The entire city was up in arms at the thought. And so they organized into a mob and went to call on the school board. The board was meeting in secret session. What right has a school board, transacting public business at public expense, to hold secret sessions. The mob stormed outside and there was talk of tar and feathers and other language such as mobs use. Finally, someone pushed his way into the secret session just in time to see the last member of the board making his getaway.

And so, to quiet the mob, the order firing the other fourteen teachers was rescinded. And the Elgin public will forget all about it in a few weeks. It may be once in a while someone will bring up the subject, and every member of that mob will feel self-righteous and have a quiet little glow of pride as he recalls his part in breaking up the school ring.

But the biggest lesson of the whole thing will be lost. And that is, that not one citizen out of ten thinks of the teachers unless something out of the ordinary happens. A teacher has charge of a child more hours a day than its own parents; the teacher is the greatest force in making or breaking youth of either sex; but the parents aren't interested. Not one in a dozen ever thinks of inviting a teacher into his home, to make her life pleasant or to discover what sort of a trainer his child has. Not one citizen in fifty ever wonders whether the teachers in his children's schools are getting enough salary to live decently, to say nothing of enjoying simple pleasures.

If the Elgin public, which now feels so self-righteous, had interested itself in the school five or ten years ago, maybe Miss Long might have received salary enough so that to be without a job wouldn't have discouraged her to the point of suicide. Maybe, if some of her old pupils had taken an interest in her after she had finished her work with them, she might not have felt that her life was a failure. Who knows? And who, in a month from now, will care?

Of course, there are teachers who have been outgrown, and who have failed to keep pace with the times. Some school boards know that it is next to impossible to get rid of them. Some day there will be a pension system for teachers, with a provision for retirement when a teacher is unable to smile and has lost all her dreams, her youth, her ambitions and her ideals—the things that gauge her value as an instructor for growing youth. School boards are not always to blame. But the public is, unless it insists on fair treatment for its teachers, and not spend all its anxiety worrying about expenses.

Still, these visiting celebrities must feel a little surprised when they get to America and learn how great they are.

Scatter-wits don't need a course in memory training to keep track of the dates when the team will play at home.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, this world is certainly well made.

"FIFTY-FIFTY" ON HIGHWAYS

(Grand Island Independent)
The explanation of the Nebraska delegation in congress of its vote against the federal roads appropriation on the much discussed fifty-fifty plan, will go far with any reasonable Nebraska tax-payer. The fifty-fifty plan—a somewhat coercive one—is in general disrepute because national propaganda has found in it a way to raise state taxation regardless of local conditions. Thus the federal road appropriation as a government activity, conditioned on the state raising an equal fund, has already been followed by a doubtful "maternity aid" act, on the same fifty-fifty basis; and this is an activity decidedly less justifiable in this state than it is for the crowded conditions of eastern cities. But, Nebraska must, by means of a national revenue system, pay its portion even though it does not need this additional bureau or commission and should decline to produce its "fifty" (per cent). For that reason the fifty-fifty plan has become unpopular as a general principle. In addition to this Congressman Andrews was not far off the track of the most important issue of the day when he declares he voted against the additional road appropriation for this year because more money is still available from last year's appropriation than many of the states and counties can exhaust throughout the current year. People want good roads; but they want a little more to say about how and when. If the national legislature wants to appropriate for such funds let it do so, hereafter, without strings.

SAFETY SLOGANS

(Spokane Spokesman-Review)
One good result of the safety campaigns that are constantly under way to reduce the casualty list in transportation and industry is that their exhortations, compressed into short and easily remembered slogans, are repeated until people think of them habitually and in many cases get in the habit of obeying them. "Stop look and listen," the oldest of them all, is part of the national vocabulary. So is "safety first." The slogans are remembered long after the campaigns are forgotten.

This spring brings its safety campaigns, directed largely against the growing list of deaths and injuries in automobile accidents. Two classes must be reached—the auto driver and the pedestrian. Eternal vigilance on the part of both classes is here the price of safety.

So we have for the pedestrian these mottoes: "Cross the street at the corner," "look before you cross," "don't be a jaywalker," and for the driver, "drive carefully," "always give the hand signals," "test your brakes," "give the pedestrian a chance," "watch the car ahead," "slow down at crossings" and "obey the law."

SPOTLESS TOWN

The state of Arizona was planning a clean-up week and the board of health was anxious that all communities should be apprised of the fact so

that they might exert themselves to the utmost. A delegation was sent to some of the smaller towns to get them in line and enlist their co-operation.

In one of the most isolated, a woman member of the committee located the mayor peacefully engaged in playing solitaire in the back room of the village speak-easy.

"You have heard about our state clean-up week?" she asked as an approach.

"Sure," said the mayor, his eye

brightening. "We'll be there." "Oh, lovely!" ejaculated the lady, "and just how are you going about it?"

"Well," replied Hizzoner, removing his feet from the table. "We reckon to drink all the red-eye there is left in this burg and then go out and shoot it up good an' proper."—American Legion Weekly.

At times we wish the construction of Eve had taken some of the bone out of man's head instead of a rib.

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So They May Live Happily

MAN, truly, is careless, almost selfish, if he fails to provide for the future happiness of his loved ones in the event sickness, accident, unemployment or death overtakes him.

The devoted, indulgent father and husband takes pride in seeing his family contented during his lifetime—and makes provisions for their future should exigencies intervene.

Just a small allotment of one's regular income will make things safe and secure for those whom he supports.

Don't neglect it—don't put it off until tomorrow—for tomorrow may be too late. We believe you will be interested in our plan.

At any rate do your family the justice to call and investigate how easy our saving plan can be put into effect.

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